Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere: louder the musicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes
That my two sisters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring windes,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maiesty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a soule in bliss, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. He's scarse awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abus'd; I should eue dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands, let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my con-
Cor. O looke vpon me sir, (dition.
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

No sir, you must not kn
Lear. Pray do not m
I am a very foolish fon
Foureſcore and vpward
I feare I am not perfect
Me thinkes I should kn
Yet I am doubtfull: fo
What place this is, and
Remembers not these
Where I did lodge last
For (as I am a man) I t
To be my childe *Corde*
Cor. And so I am.
Lear. Be your teares
If you haue poison for
I know you do not lo
Haue (as I do rememb
You haue some cause,
Cor. No cause, no c
Lear. Am I in Franc
Kent. In your owne
Lear. Do not abus
Doct. Be comforte
cured in him, and yet
hee has lost; desire hi
ther setling.
Cor. Wilt please y
Lear. You must be
Pray now forget and
I am olde and foolish

M

Gen. Holds it true
Kent. Most certain
Gent. Who is con
Kent. As tis said, t
Gent. They say *Ed*

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